

LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. I.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 29.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1826.

LADIES MUSEUM,

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Miscellany.

THE DISINTERMENT.

[A VERY INTERESTING SKETCH.]

On a fine day in the month of June, a funeral procession issued from the park-gates of Woodley-Hall, in the county of Gloucester. The poor inhabitants of the neighboring village hovered about the train with mute reverence; paying the last sad testimony of respect and affection to one, who had been endeared to them by many acts of kindness and solicitude. They were following to its cold home the corpse of Eliza, wife of Sir William Fanshaw.

Never was there a lovelier summer day than the one appointed for this dismal ceremony. The trees looked proudly in the lustiness of their young green; the dark blue of the sky was unspotted by a single cloud; and the sun shot out its sultry strength, making the birds wanton and noisy with the exuberance of their joy.

Alas! what was all this glory of nature to the sad company who were moving along the road, thinking of the tomb, and the premature death of that young, beautiful, and virtuous one whom they were conveying thither? How could they enjoy the quick carols of the birds, when the death-bell, gaining in strength as they proceeded, smote their ears and startled their secret sorrowing with its measured and obstinate recurrence? The glad color of the grass and of the leaves was not in harmony with their mourning garments; and the vital sun could scarcely be rejoiced in, shining as it did on their tears, and on that dark, slow-moving hearse.

The service for the burial of the dead is not easily endured by even an unconnected auditor; so oppressive is the obscure and gloomy imagination in which it is written. What then must our mourners have felt, (their loss being unexpected and sorely afflicting,) when the priest, meeting the dull coffin at the church porch, walked on before it, repeating his solemn words? Then the agony of grief burst forth in sobs and hysterics; and then did the dreary

thought arise, that there was nothing but corruption and mortification in the world.

But we are slaves of circumstances; for these ideas, which seem to lie down immovably in despair, were soon lifted into happy aspirations on the swell of the organ's sounds; and the cottagers, who stood moodily in the church-yard while the service continued, were also relieved by the music, and blest as it trembled out into the sunny air.

When the lady, of whom I write, was stricken with illness, which was only a week before her death, she begged her husband to bring her the gold chain and locket enclosing his hair, which he had given her before their marriage. This she hung round her neck, and solaced her weary and painful hours with contemplating it, and, by force of the association of ideas it excited, living again in times gone by.

One evening she beckoned to Sir William, who was sitting in her chamber, to her side, and said: "Reach me your hand, my dear husband. I am growing much worse. I feel a perilous sinking in my frame, and death is in my thoughts. If this be nothing more than womanly timidity, bear with it, dearest, for my sake, and give me courage by staying by my side through the night."

"Be comforted, my love, (replied her husband.) This weakness is common enough. You will be better in the morning; and in the mean time I will not stir from your bed. You will talk to me in a different manner when, after you have had a good sleep, I shall show you the cheerful sun-light stealing on the dawn. I see, even now, your eyes are closing; compose yourself, therefore, dear one, and sleep."

The chamber was hushed; the patient lay still, and seemed in so profound a repose, that her breathing was not heard. The curtains were softly adjusted around her bed; and Sir William, happy and full of favorable omens in the idea that his wife had at length a remission of pain, took a book, and, fixing as much attention on it as he could command, wore the night hours away. Every thing within and without continued in deep stillness, broken only towards the morning by the pleasing sounds of a-wakening nature, which might be heard in so removed a place—the shrill birds, the wheeling hum of the bees darting from their hive in the garden below, and the leaves dallying with the morning breath. These, together with the strong white lines which intersected the shutters, admonished Sir William and the nurse of the time their patient had slept. The light was therefore admitted into the room, and they looked into the bed.

"How is this?" (said Sir William.) She has not moved a hair's breadth since we saw her last night. Good God! how pale her face and lips are! Heaven grant all may be well; but I tremble under my fears. Go instantly and bring the physician."

The physician came; he was alarmed at her appearance; a feather was placed on her lips, and Sir William bent with keen eyes over it. It did not

move. Alas! alas! her spirit had passed away, while her husband, sitting close to her, was congratulating himself on the prospect of her recovery.

She *must* have stirred once in the night, though it was done with such gentleness as not to be perceived; for one of her hands was found inside her garment pressing the locket, of which I have spoken, on her naked breast.

I will not attempt to describe the swelling of her husband's heart, and the gush of his tears, when this touching instance of her love was made known to him. His soul brooded over it night and day. He saw in her action the wish she had not strength to utter in words; and determining it should not be violated, gave directions that she should be placed in her coffin without disturbing the locket on her hand.

It will be readily imagined that so affecting a circumstance could not escape being much talked of; and, as in these cases no particulars are ever omitted, the value of the trinket, which was set round with brilliants, found a place in the story.

The sexton of the church containing the family vault was one of the persons to whom this anecdote became known, and he was not long in conceiving a plan by which he might possess himself of the buried jewels, which glittered so temptingly in his mind's eye. I do not think he would have meditated a common theft, a theft capable of injuring any living creature; nay, although he was in business, he was never known to practice any of the usual tricks or deceptions of trade. He was a charitable, well-meaning man; but he could not comprehend the sentiment which ordained those love-tokens to lie in hallowed immovability on a dead breast. It was, in his opinion, a silly waste of treasure; no harm could come of his appropriating it; and he therefore determined that on the night of the funeral, he would enter the vault, open the coffin, and remove the jewels. The church was well situated for his purpose; it stood apart from the village to which it belonged, and was a solitary edifice in the midst of fields.

Behold him, then, in the darkness of the night, with his lantern, at the lone church door. He unlocks it, and passes in. He was at first rather awestruck by the dead stillness, the sudden cold smell, so different from the genial air without, and the vacant pews, standing in deep shadow-like melancholy and drear recesses. The nature of his office had given him a familiarity with the building, but had not worn away the idea in his mind of its sacredness, and he quaked to think that it should be the spot where he was to perpetrate the first deed in his life which he would be ashamed to own. As he went along the aisle with his lamp, the white tomb-stones on the walls glared, as it were, reproachfully upon him, one by one, and his perturbation was increased by the dart of a bat close to his face. He almost re-

gretted he had come, but he went on, nevertheless, and passed into the lady's sepulchre.

Having laid down his lamp upon a coffin, close by, he proceeded with his instruments to take off the lid of the one he sought, which was soon effected.—This was the first moment of real irresolution and terror. The sight of the corpse, laying there by that dim light, in the heavy stillness of death, with its white and placid countenance, made his heart swell and his nerves powerless. The sublimity of the sight made him feel the meanness of his action, with double force; he almost fainted, and with the intention of abandoning the business, he returned into the body of the church. There he supported himself, for a time, while the coolness of the air refreshed him, and he was at length about to depart, when recollecting that the lid of the coffin should be replaced, he summoned a strong effort, and went again into the vault for that purpose.

But the sight of the corpse was not now so awful to him as before. The consternation had done its utmost. There was an imperceptible return of the original intention in his mind, and by a quick effort he lifted the body, drew the chain over the head, disengaged the locket from under the hand, and then lowered the corpse again into its place. As he did this, the arm, which before lay upon the breast, fell, with a strange flexibility, over the side of the coffin, and a faint sigh came from the body!

Had a thunder-clap broken in upon the silence, the man would not have been more staggered than he was at this little sight. He rushed hastily forth, left the sepulchre unclosed, and opened the church-door to go out; when, as if to increase his bewilderment, the first thing which met his eyes was the great moon, lifting itself, in the unabated power of its light, over the horizon's edge. It shone right opposite, and seemed looking at and coming to expose him.—He did not dare to lift his eyes again; but, without stopping even to lock up the church, he flew over the fields, pursued by his fears.

It was at this time about eleven o'clock. The domestics at Woodley-Hall had not yet retired to rest. Their minds were agitated and unsettled by the funeral; and they found relief in sitting up together, and talking over the circumstances connected with their lady's illness and sudden death. With hearts so full, they could not endure the silence of their chambers, and it would have been vain to try to sleep; therefore, about the time I have just mentioned, they left their room and dull candles, to go out under the portico of the house, and enjoy the balmy night air and the bright moon.

The subject of their talk continued the same; the youth of their lady, her gentleness, her unaccountable illness, the sublime testimony she gave of her love even in the grasp of death; and then of what would become of their heart-broken master who had been secluded in his room all day, scarcely admitted any one even to bring him needful refreshment, when one of them, with a low voice, said:

"What can that white thing be which is fluttering about the beech-trees there, at the farthest end of the long walk?"

They looked, and nothing was seen. It was, however, only leaf-hidden for a time, for presently it

emerged altogether from the obscurity of the trees, and they saw it plainly enough.

The walk was about a quarter of a mile in length. The object advanced down it, and soon a fearful sight was seen by the company under the portico; an apparently human figure, with long trailing white garments, staggering and stumbling across the open park at that solemn hour, and under the keen moonlight.

They did not stop to see any more; but, hastening to their master's room, told him what they had witnessed.

He answered them with his faint voice from within: "Go to rest, my friends, go to rest. Your minds are disturbed; and to tell you the truth, my own is too much subdued just now to bear the hearing of such things. Shut up the house: good night."

But they all persisted so strenuously in avouching the truth of what they had stated, that Sir William came from his chamber, and said he would go with them into the park, and see whether the apparition was yet visible. Poor man! he was at this time ill calculated to dissipate the terror which had taken hold of his servants. Sorrow, want of food, long privation of sleep, the dismal business of the day, and then this phantom story, had almost bewildered his faculties, and he descended the stairs, trembling and uncollected.

Before they reached the bottom, one of the servants cried out, with a wild voice, "look, Sir, look!"

Sir William cast his eyes downward, and lo! there, upon the cold stone floor of the hall, lay a figure, entangled in unseemly clothes, moaning and sobbing naturally. The face was partially exposed. Sir William saw it. His faculties seemed suddenly scattered, for, in a confused manner, he dropped on his knees by the side of the figure, and there remained a few moments with clasped hands and vacant and immovable looks. At length a weak faltering female voice was heard:

"I am afraid I have done wrong, (it said,) but I must have been in a dream; do not be angry with me!"

"God! God! my wife!—How is this?—No, no, no; it cannot be. She is in her tomb—and yet this countenance and these grave-clothes strike away my senses with wonder!—Eliza!—Eliza!—She cannot speak again. Yet she is not quite cold. What can this mysterious visitation portend? Eliza! let me once more hear that voice. Silent! Silent!—Lift her up. Look! it is herself, her own self; her lips move; and see, her poor face is wet with tears. God alone knows how this can come to pass; but I will thank him for it forever. There, gently, move her gently; lay her in my arms, and some one go before me with a light."

It was indeed his wife whom he embraced. He carried her to his chamber, laid her in the bed, and ordered warm restoratives to be prepared. These he administered himself, and she slept for two hours. On awaking, she said:

"Are you there, my dear? Let me hear you speak. Something strange has happened to me, I am sure. Have I been delirious? I wish they had watched me better; for I am certain that I have been wandering out in the open air. It terrifies me to

think of it. The dream I have had since I saw you, dear husband, last night, presses on me with an intolerable sense of reality. It must have been those ghastly visions which scared me out of the house in my sleep. I am full of pain. My feet are sore and bleeding. Reach me your hand, and comfort me with your voice. I fancied that I was just now staying obstinately, and yet unwilling, in a painful, dreary, dark place, and was startled there by a sudden rush of cold wind. I seemed to fall many times, and to bruise myself exceedingly in endeavoring to struggle out towards the light. This must have been a dream; but I am certain I have been wandering out of doors in my sleep, for I thought I should have gone mad when my perceptions came to me, and I found myself alone, bare-footed, and the wide and silent park stretching far around me. I have endeavored, but it is in vain, to recollect any circumstance connected with my leaving the house!"

Her husband shook from head to foot at this. The coffin and the hearse swam instantly in his eyes. He was sick at heart with the oppression of a mystery, but he looked at his wife again, and blessed heaven.

Having addressed a few cheering words to her, and promising not to leave her side, he exhorted her to be composed, and to endeavor to sleep.

In the morning the whole thing was explained.—Some rustics, passing by the church, had observed it to be open, and going in, saw that one of the family vaults was unclosed, and that there was an empty coffin in it. This information they carried forthwith to the sexton, who, alarmed at the probability of being detected, (as some one might have seen him escaping by the moon-light,) and fearing that his guilt would seem greater than it was, went to Woodley-Hall, and confessed the whole business, making a restitution of the locket, but declaring that he knew nothing whatever of the removal of the corpse.

He was readily enough forgiven, and I believe rewarded. It was plain now that Lady Fanshaw had been buried in a trance. It was of the utmost consequence that the subject of the interment should be kept from her knowledge. The sexton was enjoined to silence; but it was not so easy to quell the tongue of the village. Besides, when the lady recovered sufficiently to go out, every object she saw in the direction of the church perplexed her with some dim and uncomfortable reminiscence. She might some day stumble on the truth, and Sir William, in the fear of this, sold his estate, and purchased another in a distant part of the country. In this latter place Lady Fanshaw gave birth to a large family, and lived many years with her husband, in health and comfort.

DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF SURPRISE.

The dangerous affects of surprise are well exemplified in Durmont's narrative of his return from slavery, at Algiers, into France, after Lord Exmouth's expedition. He was accompanied by a friend, and on their approach towards home, they were attacked by thieves, who, he says, "robbed Etienne and myself, not only of our money, but the two parcels containing our wearing apparel. Fortunately, on proceeding to the next village, the inhabitants took a little pity on us, and what, with the assistance we re-

ceived there, as well as in one or two other towns along the road, we managed to arrive at Lyons, in tolerably good spirits. Having passed a part of the day in looking at the principal streets and buildings in the above city, Etienne conducted me, towards dark, to the house of his parents, who kept an inn.—He entered without making himself known, and ordered supper for two persons. On serving the soup and bouille, Etienne called for a roast fowl; upon which his mother, examining us more attentively, observed, "You are travellers, I perceive, and perhaps not aware that provisions are dear." My companion, with his hat slouched, and turning his back to the old lady, replied, "That's of no consequence to you, madam, give what is ordered, and we'll pay for it." "I beg your pardon, sir, (replied the other,) I am wrong, but did not exactly know the state of your purse." This short dialogue was followed by the fowls being brought in.

"We contrived to eat slowly, in order to wait for the night's closing in, when Etienne asked whether we could have beds? "No, (answered his mother,) all my beds are occupied." "And this young lady, (replied the son, pointing to his sister who served the table,) has she got a bed?" "How! if my children have not beds, who is to have them?" "Then I am not your son," exclaimed Etienne, raising his voice, and discovering his countenance. At these words, and this movement of the stranger, the poor woman seemed to feel a violent oppression, turned pale and fell senseless on the floor; the daughter instantly ran to inform her father, who was in the next coffee-house. Etienne flew to the assistance of his poor mother; the servants cried aloud, and I could not help weeping with them. The father came in soon after, but Madame Etienne was no more! Her daughter took the event so much at heart, that she immediately retired to bed, and never left it again, having died after an illness of two days. The father, distracted by the double loss, sustained by the recovery of his son, could not support it, and only survived eight days!

Finally, Etienne, the cause of this sad tragedy, was seized with a raging fever, for his health had never been properly restored, and followed the fate of his parents in a week after the death of his father.

I saw them all perish, and never left the bed of my poor comrade, who received all the attentions I could bestow, and even died in my arms. This was one of the most dreadful trials that had overtaken me in life. What a picture, for one who was on the point of looking after his own family, after an absence of more than thirty-seven years! I had also formed the plan of taking them by surprise, before this catastrophe occurred, and sending a letter, in which my adventures were to be given, under a feigned name; but I was quickly cured of that whim, by the frightful calamity that befel the unfortunate family of Etienne.

A VALUABLE PONEY.

A gentleman having a poney that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighboring Squire told him that he wished to have him for his wife to ride upon.—"No, (says the other,) I shall not sell the little fellow, because I intend to marry again myself."

EARLY MARRIAGE.

A young Irishman, who had married when he was about nineteen years of age, complaining of the difficulties to which his early marriage had subjected him, said he would never marry so young again if he lived to be as old as Methusalem.



POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

THE FIRE-SIDE.

TO M*** H****.

DEAR MARY, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In Folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbor enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this *jewel* lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

Our babes shall richest comfort bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring,
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

J. H.

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

Mr. Maxcy—

The following lines were written, *impromptu*, by a friend, a few months since, during the extreme warm weather. This circumstance may, perhaps, satisfactorily account for their not containing so many of the "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

as may be found in some of the stanzas published in your paper. AMEY.

There is a charm, in youthful love,
Which can be felt, but not express'd;
A spark sent down from heaven above,
To lull the buoyant soul to rest.

Such joys are like the summer flower,
Which blooms and dies in one short hour;
Such joys are like the transient glow,
Which flits o'er maiden's cheek of snow;

Such joys are like the fluttering ray,
Which hovers round departing day;
And which is gone ere well we've seen
Its tints upon the foliage green;

Such joys are like the misty spray,
Which morning sun-beams sweep away;
But tho' they scarce survive their birth,
They bind us strongest to the earth.

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

Mr. Maxcy—

The following lines were sent, by a Lady at a distance, to a friend in this town; I do not know whether they are original, or not—but if the "Poet's Corner" in your Museum is not already supplied, you will oblige at least one of you *female subscribers* by inserting them.

When years are young and health is strong,
And all things round us smile,
Oh, let us cherish those we love,
And life's care beguile.

For time runs on and soon is gone,
And we may grieve and pine,
For angry mind and words unkind,
In *auld lang syne*.

For every day that fleets away,
Tho' passing foul or fine,
Shall reckon'd be as one degree
Of *auld lang syne*.

When friends grow cool, or play the fool,
And shew an alter'd mind;
Oh, then's the prime of friendship's time
To prove still kind.

So shall our days roll o'er in ease,
And rough and smooth combine,
Still to endear each passing year
Of *auld lang syne*.

I KNEW BY THE SMOKE.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Around his red nose, that a joke was now near,
And said I to myself if there's fun in this world,
The heart that would seek it, might now find it here.

'Twas noon, and on benches, all scatter'd around,
A throng of old toppers did voluptuous bask;
Every tongue was in motion, but all heard the sound
Of Boniface tapping a fresh whiskey cask.

And here, in this shady, cool house, I exclaim'd,
With a friend who was willing in liquor to sink ;
Who would laugh when I prais'd him, and curs'd
when I blam'd,
How long would I sit and how much would I drink.

'Neath the shade of yon white-cak, whose greenish
leaf dips
In the full foaming pitcher, how sweet to recline;
And to know that I'd plenty to moisten my lips,
Till the dinner-bell gives us all summons to dine.
VIRGINIUS.

OH, YES, MY LOVE, YES !

When I know your kind looks are bestow'd on a-
nother,
And think on the time when those looks were
mine own,
How can I the pangs of anxiety smother,
Or cease to remember the joys that are flown ?

You love me no longer, severely I feel it,
Yet would not, for worlds, you should share my
distress ;
If my sorrow afflicts you, with care I'll conceal it,
I still wish you happy, Oh, yes, my love, yes !

Your affections could ne'er be so fickle and veering,
As to treat her with scorn you so lately approv'd :
No, when you first charm'd me, with looks so endear-
ing,
You *meant* to be constant, and thought that you
lov'd.

Then may you be blest, for I never can blame you,
Tho' torn with an anguish I cannot express ;
With the friends of my bosom, believe me, I'd name
you
The first and the dearest, Oh, yes, my love, yes !

I still will remember, tho' fated to lose you,
The dreams which deluded my fancy so long ;
When a story or song from these lips would amuse
you,
And you were the theme of each story and song.

But my lips have forgotten their amorous measure,
My harp is tun'd only to sorrow's excess ;
Your name is still dear, and I breathe it with pleas-
ure,
Tho' I sigh as I breathe it, Oh, yes, my love, yes !
AUGUSTA.

SONG.

AIR—"Bonny Doon."

How sweetly, on the calm of night,
The sound of distant music swells ;
And with what rapture, what delight,
Th' attentive ear upon it dwells.

The distance mellows every tone,
And softens every grating jar,
And heavenly sweetness comes alone,
In music wafted from afar.

As softly, sweetly, through the vale
Of years departed, Memory's lay
Brings to the pensive mind the tale
Of joys that long have pass'd away.

'Tis distant music to the soul,
'Tis tearful rapture to the breast—
A nameless charm that can condole
The sorrow-stricken heart to rest.
N. Y. *Athenaeum*.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, FEB. 11, 1826.

AN EXCEEDINGLY GOOD PRACTICE.

The Virginia Free Press, remarking on the spirit of improvement in the present age, says, the Printers, who have but recently been accustomed to receive a *slice* of Wedding Cake, as a fee for publishing Marriages, are now complimented with an entire *loaf*.

A HEROINE.

We learn by the Middletown (Con.) Gazette, that a few days since, a lady in that city, whose husband was absent, was informed by her son, a mere boy, that a man had just gone up stairs. She directed him to go and see what he was doing. The child went, and immediately returned and informed her that he had seen the man's legs protruding from under a bed in the garret. The mother seizing a broomstick, proceeded to the garret, and found a stout negro secreted there. He attempted to escape, but before he could reach the outer door of the house, the child locked it, and gave the key to its mother. The negro then attempted to wrest the key from her, but our undaunted heroine played her broomstick so effectually upon his head and back, that he soon cried for quarters ; and assistance being in a short time obtained, he was secured. All thieves, who have any regard for their bones, are advised to avoid that house.

HORSE-JOCKIES, ATTEND.

There's a merry chap of a Landlord, at the Cross Key's, in Buckingham, in our neighboring county of Bucks, y'clipt S. Brock, (says the Trenton Emporium,) who, if his liquor is as pure as his wit, deserves custom, and will get it. He advertises for all who have horses, cattle, or such sort of things, to bring them to his house every Saturday, where, if they don't *swap*, they may *sell* to the highest bidder—*crying gratis*—and advertises every gentleman to have his horse well curried and fed, and to be sure and come *dry*, as there is plenty of water on the premises, besides a fresh importation of old *Monongahela*. In conclusion, he says : "Those who wish to exchange a *good* horse for a *better*, may be accommodated ; or if they want to part with a *bad* horse for a *worse* one, they will have a glorious chance. So, brush up the hairs, or brush 'em down, whichever you think will look the most civilized ; nimble your elbows with the curry-comb, and then come on—sale to commence at two o'clock. I have heard of horses, or rather of animals that were *called* horses, seven of which were required to cast a shadow ; and a man's hat would hang upon their hips while under a full trot—but even such apparitions are welcome to my Vendue ; and every horse, too, that can stand a voyage of three miles without foundering !"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"P." is respectfully informed that his "preamble" and "stanzas" shall have a conspicuous place in our next.

"J. S." shall also have a place in our next number.



MARRIED,

In Attleborough, on the 5th instant, by Rev. Mr. Killam, Mr. Royal Sibley, to Miss Mary Carpenter, all of Attleborough.

In Norton, on the 30th ult. by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. James W. Perry, to Miss Lavina Lane, of the former place.

In Oxford, by Rev. Enoch Pond, Mr. John Stone, to Miss Pamela Stone.

In Taunton, on the 22d ult. by Rev. Mr. Cobb, Mr. Nathaniel Phillips, to Miss Nancy Baker.

In Louisville, Ken. Gen. H. Atkinson, of the U. S. Army, to Miss Mary Ann Bullit.

At Unterwalden, Switzerland, by Rev. Diedrich Schleichwelder, Mr. Peter Schilderknecht, to Miss Christiana Schlechtwohl. Groomsman, Mr. Charles Hoeflichjeger ; Bridesmaid, Miss Dorothy Nennschuelzer.

Persons dislocating their jaws by reading the above can have them set gratis by calling on Dr. Vendmubrhtzkdrehtzwohl.



DIED,

In this town, on Wednesday morning last, Mr. Shubael F. Arnold, late of Smithfield, in his 34th year.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Thomas H. Stafford, in the 27th year of his age. Funeral at his late residence, in Westminster-street, on Monday next, at 9 o'clock, A. M. where the relatives and friends of the deceased are invited to attend without further notice.

In Smithfield, on Saturday morning last, Mr. Thomas G. Jones, of this town, in his 22d year.

In Pawtucket, 29th ult. Mr. John T. Lowden, in his 40th year.

In Worcester, on the 29th ult. Mrs. Betsey Bulard.

In North Bridgwater, on the 27th ult. Capt. Jesse Perkins, aged 84.

In Taunton, on Sunday last, James Williams, Esq. aged 84.

In Taunton, on Thursday last, Mr. Silas Leonard, aged 54.

At Curraoa, 11th ult. Capt. Sylvester Bacon, of this town, late of the brig Agenoria, aged 31 years.

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